

# THE CLARION

*Song with Piano Accompaniment*

*by*

LINN SEILER



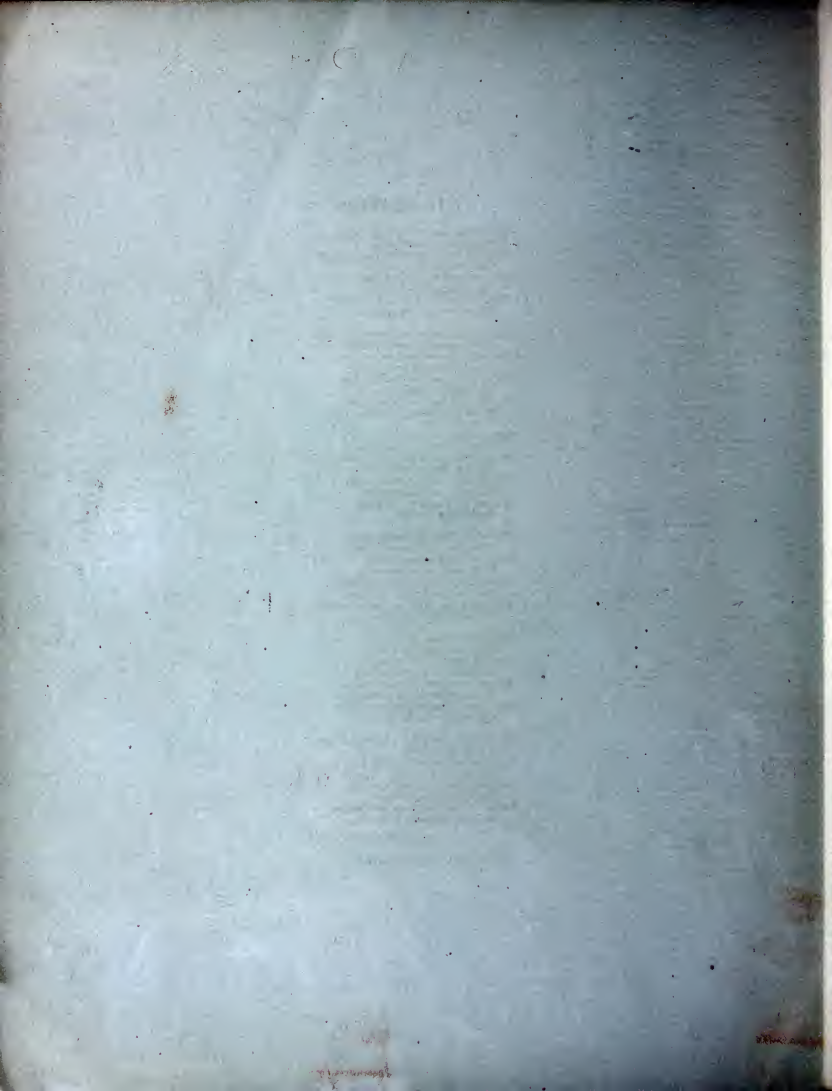
*Words by* LOUIS K. ANSPACHER



Price 60 cents



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## THE CLARION

Gather the men to the bugle's call,  
Run up the banner high;  
Fling out the Stars and Stripes o'er all  
The banners in the sky!  
We sons of all the nations leap  
The youngest to the fight;  
That *all* our Fatherlands may reap  
The harvest of the light.

Turn ploughshares into swords and save  
The pruning hooks for spears;  
No man is free while there's a slave  
To wet the earth with tears.  
We've all to lose and naught to gain,  
We want no alien lands;  
But freedom has been won in vain  
If German bondage stands.

Open our garner, feed the world!  
Pour out our steel and gold!  
Pour out our lives, but keep unfurled  
The flag that makes us bold!  
The Allies gave their mighty past  
To make our present free;  
We lash our future to the mast,  
And sail for liberty.

Extend the hand to free the land  
That gave our freedom birth,  
And cleave the sea lest liberty  
Shall perish from the earth;  
Divide the air with wings that bear  
Our courage through the skies;  
The young and brave are bound to save  
The world from tyrannies.

That is the pledge that puts an edge  
On every sword we wield;  
We only ask the noblest task;  
To make our hearts a shield,  
To stand between the oppressor and  
The lands he would oppress;  
We, latest, claim the greatest task—  
Our courage brooks no less.

We seize the chance to pay back France  
A little of the debt  
Our Eagle owes her Fleur de Lys  
And gallant Lafayette.  
So everywhere, sea, land and air,  
To the first line advance  
Old Glory and the Stars and Stripes  
On every breeze in France!

LOUIS K. ANSPACHER

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# The Clarion

Louis K. Ansbacher

Linn Seiler

March-time

Piano *ff*

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is marked *ff* and includes accents. The bass clef accompaniment is also marked *ff*. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with the melody marked *mf* and the bass clef marked *tr* (trill).

*mf*

1. Gath-er the men to the bu-gle's call, Run up the  
 2. O - pen the gar - ners, feed the world, Pour out our  
 3. Ex-tend the hand to — free the land That gave our

*mf*

The vocal melody is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The first line of music is marked *mf*. The second line is marked *mf* and includes a crescendo hairpin. The third line is marked *mf*.

ban - ner high! Fling out the stars and stripes o'er all The  
 steel and gold; Pour out our lives, but keep un - furld The  
 free-dom birth, And cleave the sea lest Lib - er - ty Shall

The vocal melody continues in the treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The first line of music is marked *mf*. The second line is marked *mf* and includes a crescendo hairpin. The third line is marked *mf*.

ban-ners in the sky! ——— We, sons of all the na-tions,  
 flag that makes us bold. ——— The Al-lies gave their might-y  
 per-ish from the earth. ——— We seize the chance to pay back

leap The young-est to the fight, ——— That all our  
 past To make our pres-ent free; ——— We lash our  
 France A lit-tle of the debt ——— Our ea-gle

Fa-ther-lands may reap The har-vest of the Light. ———  
 fu-ture to the mast, And sail for Lib-er-ty. ———  
 owes her Fleur de Lys, And gal-lant La-fa-yette. ———

## Refrain

*f*

So, — ev - ry - where, sea, — land and air, To the first line all ad -

vance — Old Glo - ry and the Stars and Stripes On —

1. ev - ry breeze in France! — So, — France! — 2. *D.S.*

*ff* *D.S.*





# WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

The Song of All Nations

\*Words by the late JOHN HAY, private secretary to President LINCOLN and Secretary of State during the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations.

Music by OLEY SPEAKS  
Composer of  
"TO YOU"

With Martial Spirit



Slower, with feeling.



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HIGH IN B<sub>2</sub>

MEDIUM IN G

There's a happy time coming when the boys come home;  
There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home:  
We will end the dreadful story  
Of the battle dark and gory  
In a sunburst of glory,  
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter when the boys come home,  
And our hearts will be lighter when the boys come home;  
Wives and sweethearts will press them  
In their arms and caress them,  
And pray God to bless them,  
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them when the boys come home.  
To bless them and to greet them when the boys come home:  
And the fame of their endeavor  
Time and change shall not discover  
From the nation's heart for ever,  
When the boys come home.

The thin ranks will be proudest when the boys come home,  
And our cheer will ring the loudest when the boys come home,  
The full ranks will be shattered,  
And the bright arms will be battered,  
And the battle-standards tattered,  
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty when the boys come home,  
And their uniforms be dusty when the boys come home;  
But all shall see the traces  
Of the battle's royal graces  
In the brown and bearded faces,  
When the boys come home:

JOHN HAY.

3 East 43d Street

G. SCHIRMER

New York